



Environment

a sonnet by Noëla Zaharia

Environment is everything that isn't me.

Time pressuring, poor, painful places,
Turned upside down, out of joyful spaces
That I once felt so alive and free.

Environment is whatever turns around me.

Known as the Greek *gyros* or Gaulish *viria* traces,
A rich type of turn with so many faces
I sometimes reduce to the shape of a tree.

Environment is all the things I am not.

Feelings or thoughts I miss unaware,
Bodies I haven't met, cared for or embraced,
Flowing rivers, forests and beasts sharing the same air.
All the future plans and memories I misplaced
Everything that brings disruption to my particular taste.

